## COL CARRODINE'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of the War.

BY STELLA WARFIELD MUNCE.

CHAPTER L Up a grass-grown carriage road stands an old house with tall, twisted columns supporting its worm-ested "gallery."

Trailing vines cling to the moldering wails and thrust their scarlet blossoms boldly through the broken windows, and the row of orange since growing e ose to the rusty iron fence have spread their unelipped branches upward and outward, so that they seem jealously to guard the deserted massion from vulgar scrutiny.

The trees are white with blossoms and the air to full of their intoxicating sweetness. The eranges will ripen and grow lussious, and the army of black boys living youder in the neglected quarters will carry them off in palmetto baskets. The silence is only broken by the tremulous song of the mocking-bird, and as the sun shines hotly down on the mossy cobble stones, it looks so cool in there among the shadows that you will wonder why they have left it to crumble away.

heart through her eyes. Whatever he read there was enough, and she feit his heart beat with fierce throbs as he held her close to his Before the war Colonel Carrodine kept open house, and his beautiful daughter Inez was his breast, Colonel Carrodine shook the young man by the hand, when he told him, and his

Long before the armies from the North had branded this fair country with fire and sword, Ines had had too many lovers to count on the fingers of both dimpled white hands.

"Inez can't leave her old daddy," the Colonel would laugh. "None of your damned longegged chaps need expect to take my daughter!" And Inez would put her nend tenderly on his arm, and stroke his long white bair.

The steamer "Baton Rouge" had just brought in a budget of letters for Colonel Carrodine, and, as Inez deftly peeled the amber figs with her slender white fingers, the Colonel carelessly tore open the envelopes, and glancad indifferently at their contents.

"By the eternal!" he suddenly exclaimed, "Leslie's boy-poor old Leslie!" and he settled his glasses more firmly on his nose, and held the sheet of paper at a convenient distance. "Leslie Padget-Gad, he always made that twisted P! You have heard me talk about Leslie Padget, Ineg!" as she looked up questioningly at her father. "This is his son!"

"That envelope, papal" "No, you vixen! This is from his son, if that pleases you-he wants to see about some land of his father's, and will probably be down here for some time. Of course he must make my house his headquarters. Poor old Leslie!-we lought nide by side in the Mexican war, and if the son is anything like his father I'll be proud of him!" and settling his Panama hat somewhat rakishly on the side of his head, the Colonel, with a quick, soldierly step, left his daughter in sole ssion of the room, while she called after

ase, papa-please, please put your hat on

ange trees had just begun to burst me and Inez was reaching up for a delito snip off and lay in the basket on eside her. It was just out of her and though she stood on her ntalizingly above her.

met the gaze of a tall carrying a value in one it down on a level not accustomed to angers, but he had and it was too late to re-

adget," he said frankly, "and is Col. Pascal Carrodine's

"And you are most y father has talked of etter came. Let me you quite so soon have carried your

uble," he laughed dozens of darkies ng to relieve me, but at my heels. They their shining black walked beside her up

son!" Colonel Carrodine ung man by his two shoulat him through his glasses. our father, like him as I first ought in the same cause, you re's nothing like fighting for stuff a man's made of!-we never comrade. Much better for Leslie ayed here—what in the devil took him among those people! I never could Yankees! Your mother was a Yanof Weik my boy, we can forgive it -anything is pardonable in a -but in a man-never!" and the

is not a Southerner, papa,"Inez d, as she saw a shade pass over face; "doubtless he does not therner," Wilbur declared like a Southerner, I see

isally opposed to me." muttered beneath his id. "Whatever your Leslie Padget's son is always

olonel Carrodine's hospitable roof he freshed in body and soul, and the sight of in her cool white morning dress, with a er of roses at her breast, chimed inharmoly with his ideas. "I have ordered thousarses," she said, as he

met her holding up he kirts from the wet grass, "without consulting you, because I am sure you will enjoy a ride more than anything ell find pape in the library." But Mr. Padget did not seek his host, and

ed to prefer standing there by the rose putting little clouds of smoke from his cigar. An ancient colored man was diligently grass, and from time to time be leaned on he handle of his rake, and looked sidewise at "Mawain,' boss," as he caught Wilbur's eye;

'dis am er fine place, but dees er pow'ful heap ruk hyan. Hit takes a mougaty long time git dis grass cl'are o' dese pine needles; en Enez, she's p'intedly pertic'ler. Ya'as, suh;
selbeen wid de Cyabdine fambly sence de
fezikin wah. Ole miss 'uz done daid jes' fo' I ma hyah on Miss Enez 'uz a lettle mite jes' so high. Gawd! she 'uz putty! en peert ez a hop-per grass in a wheat fiel'. I use' ter tote her round on my shoulder, en she'd laff en crow en clap dem lettle han's twel I cena-mos' laff myse'f. I is p'inted proud o' y her. Dec done been heap o' young gemmen a axin' ole marse fur you leff at 'em—ya'as suh—la Young miss moughty h but she ous' her sides. cyal young miss off some o' de constant do' case che's to pu'tty ter stay hyah. Dab now Lance—step keerful boy! I ain't gwin't hab yo' sp'ilin' roung miss' ridin' mar! Is you got dem saddle ts tight 'nuffi dat mar's ve'y oures'less, en gwine't cieve yo' ef she kin git a chance! ame see—step outer my way boy. Cyain't ase me comin?—dar new, I done tole yo' so—raddle 'ould thin de fus' fence Miss Enez tuk!

ata't no 'count—git, out!" and Uncle Samp ared ferociously at the slim, inoffensive look-

Dah come young miss! draw dat hose clare om steps," and he slapped the mare's sleek

d boss! young miss don' need no holp! jump in dat saddle ez easy ez a byird and the old negro looked proudly at he laid her hand on the pommel of the d sprang lightly into the seat.

worthy of all their love and pride ught as be looked at her fair,

beat his head near her and slipped the foot in the stirrup, something like book set all his pulses to tingling , and the warm blood mounted to his

ed on his rake and looked

de fur one 'pudder," he mut-"I knowed somebod a off 'fo long," and shakhe resumed his raking.

reatment here! Does Uncle Samp look illtreated! Do any of my father's people cringe before him! You know they do not! they love him—they would give their very lives for him!" Her voice vibrated and her fingers tightened round the reins so that her horse stopped and-

"It is only a matter of teaching, Miss Carro-

turned in her saddle, and touching her horse

Inez had a peculiar charm for Wilbur Pad-get; perhaps because he had never seen any

other woman like her. But the soft, Southern

days slipped dreamily away and still he lingered

and all his senses seemed enthralled by the

magic of her presence and the perfame of her

golden hair. And something had come into her

fair, pure face that made it sweeter yet more of earth. Something that darkened the clear,

gray eyes and curred the fresh lips when Wil-

He caught her hand in his, and her fingers

fluttered like a frightened bird; but he only drew her closer till he could look down into ber

voice was husky as he said: "If any one is going

to take my daughter from me, I would rather it

And often in the moonlight when they wan-dered, as lovers will, down the shaded walks, the Celonel would look after them till a mist

blinded his eyes, and bowing his head, he would

off r up an inward prayer for his daughter's

happiness when she should be taken from

Summer despened into autumn and autumn

faded into winter, and when the Christmas Ivy

hung in green clusters over the Colonel's door,

and the Christmas warmth was to all hearts,

Inez Carrodine and Leslie Padget's son were

quietly married; and all that the old Colonel

stipulated was that they should live under his

"I am getting old." he said, "and perhaps in

Then Inez twisted his white hair round her

fingers, and stroked his wrinkled hand, and

whispered, "You must be with us a long time

yet, dearie. I cannot spare you now. I am so happy; everything that I love is near me," and

she looked proudly, first at her father, and then

up into her busband's face. "It must be a

And dreaming on like lovers, as they still

were, these two forgot the ontside world and its

lowering clouds, till on the morning of Jan. 10,

861, Colonel Carrodine came in from an early

ride, splashed and splattered with mud, and

throwing a paper down at Wilbur's plate, cried

exultantly: "At last!-at last!-by the eternal!

we are coming to the front! see-see there!" and

as Inez half rose and stretched out her bands

"We have secoded from the United States!

we have seceded!--now let them do their worst!"

and sinking into a chair the old man pointed

with trembling fingers to the heading on the first

page of the Daily Picayune. "This is all bombast," Wilbursaid coldly. "Inez,

don't excite yourself. My dear Colonel, I thought

you were the last man to be fooled by newspa-

per claptran," and he pushed the paper scorn-

fully aside and calmly finished his breakfast, though in his heart he felt that a great erisis

The days lengthened into weeks, and as State

after State quietly declared its secession, the

Colonel's manner grew insufferably triumphant

to Wilbur, though things were so calm down there among the cotton-fields that the hum and

bustie that was going on seemed like the dis

Wilbur listened with a semblance of indiffer

once while Colonel Carrodine thundered forth

"I tell you sir," the old man would say, bring

"they must be whipped! There is not one that would dare face a Southern bayonet, but they

sting like so many mosquitoes when we look the

And Wilbur would be silent for Inez's sake;

hough his very soul rebelled and he longed to

housand bitter retorts that he kept crowding

The day was half spent and the sun's rays

were beating flercely down as Colonel Carrodine

calloped up the avenue, and apringing from his

"Victory!" he shouted, running up the broad stone steps. "Victory!" as Wilbur dropped his book. "We have fired on Fort Sumter! my

God!-we must fight!" he gasped, waving his

Inez's eyes sparkled with excitement and W

"Do you mean that they have fired on

Carrodine, angrily, as Wilbur left the room.

"Yes, and we'll tear it to shreds!" cried Co

Just as the moon was shining out from behind

the clouds Wilbur came back, looking haggard

and careworn, and found Inez alone by the win-dow, gazing dreamily at the sky. He bent down

and kissed her, and she smiled trustingly up in

"Inez," he said, huskily, "my love-my wi

-do you know that I would gladly die here for

She nestled her hand in his, and said softly

There is no need. Wilbur: you must live for

"Inez, don't you know-have you not thought

"I am afraid, love, that you must fight," she whispered sadly. "Oh; if we could only be

spared that; but at any rate you will know that

you are fighting for us-for me-for-" she

paused: his face was ghastly white, and his

hands trembled as he pressed them on her shin-

'luez, I would rather have died years ago

than that this should have come to pass-you

are my life-my very boart-beat-and yet-

can't you understand, darling! Can I fight

against every feeling that has been cherished in

my breast? Can I fight against my country and

her flag!" he cried, his voice growing stronger

and firmer. "Oh, my wife, I am loyal to my

She drew away from him and looked with

wondering eyes. "I do not think I understand

He covered his face with his bands and as he

lid not answer, the wonder passed from her eyes

"Do you mean-that you will take up arr

"Not that-not that Inez." be cried catching

e safe-to my home, and then-" but she had

assionately. "What do you love! Whom do

you love!-not me my God! not your wife whom

you have sworn to cherish. You talk of leaving

us-leaving my father now -- you must be dream-

ing! Wilbur!" and she came close till he could

feel her whole frame quiver as she leaned

"Huspand, don't go! Think, Wilbur, what

you are going-you would break my heart!" and

she clasped her arms tight around him, and her

soft flesh lay against his face. He kissed her

"my beautiful wife, you are more to me that

friends-country-" but he started away from her without finishing his sentence; holding her

there at arm's length, he could speak more ra-

tionally. 'You remember, Inez, how the wo-

man of old deprived the strong man of his

"Don't go, Wilbur," she moaned, while the

tears hung heavily on her lashes: "don't fight

"Inez, I could no more sit here idle, eating

your bread while my countrymen are shedding

their blood for their country's flag-" be

stopped abruptly. "If you loved me you would understand," he said coldly. "Once, more will

A scarlet spot glowed on either cheek, and

her eves shone like fire. "Coward!" she hissed

Then, before she could resist be caught her in

those kisses still burning on her lips, she heard the great hall door close upon him forever; and tottering forward like a blind man, she fell prone

on her face and lay there white and still in the

CHAPTER II.

The leaves had all drifted down in scarlet and

range heaps, and though Uncle Samp raked

riskly, they defied his work and came in fresh

beaps, till the whole lawn was a mass of brown

"Dah, now!" the old man muttered, "fas' ez I

rits dese leafs outen de way der gwine't come

back-'pears like dey done been hoodooed!" As

he spoke, a cloud of dust and pine needles blew in his face and a shrill, childish voice piped

his arms and kissed her passionately; and wit

"I believe I hate you-leave us if you will,

never-never let me see your face again!"

on either side: stay here with me!"

'My sweetheart!" he murmured passionately.

er hauds. "I would take you where you would

freed her hands and pushed him away.
"You talk of laving!" and her voice vibrated

Wilbur. Is not this your country?"

and they grew as cold as steel.

again and a sin.

you go with me!"

agricust-us!" she asked slowly.

orse, threw his reins to a servant.

United States flag?" be demanded.

still this fractions old man's tongue with the

ing bis fist down on the the table with emphasis

were Leslie Padget's son!

roof for at least one year.

for the paper-

was coming upon them.

tant murmur of so many bees.

invectives against the North.

other way!

back in his heart.

wide straw hat.

his face.

what I must do?

hair, then kneeding

her head on his breast.

bur rose, pale and stern.

another year I shail not be here."

her beautiful earnest face, and half convinced

by the warmth and sweetness of her voice.

no doubt there is a bright side to it.

lightly, challenged him to a race.

a coy signs of cruel Yike woodin red owees:

"You is do mos' surving'rus chile," Unele Inex bowed her proud head and stretched out color.

"Unc' Thamp, me don' to tover on up wif leabs

Samp declared with an assumption of anger while his eyes twinkled fonaly "De beeg hoodoo gwine't git ye'-he gwine't cut dese off," and he laid his wrinkled hand on the child's yellow curls.

boldly, as Colonel Carrodine, came across the lawn, leaning on his cane more heavily than was dine: I beg you will not lo k upon me in the light of an enemy!" he said, engerly, looking at "What shall you name it, Inez?" Colonel Carrodine had said in the gloomy fall of '61, when the little soft bundle was laid beside Inez, and have been taught to abbor slavery, but I have old Marm Rindy had said proudly, "Rits a boy,

"Gwanpa 'll tut his haid off," the child sai

an' a moughty fine 'un, too "There is no question of a bright side, Mr. Padget," she said coldly; "they are ours by every right—civil and divine, and we love them "What shall we name him, daughter?" and he touched the baby's pink face with his forefinger. "How can you ask, father!" she had said pas--yes, every one of them down to the least of sionately. "What name should he bear but that of the man who is devoting his life to our cause! His name shall be Jefferson Davis!" il. You have no more right to deprive us of our slaves than of our lands, our homes, our all. You are-" she stopped, remembering that she "I thought --- " the Colonel hesitated, and

looked sidewise at his daughter. "I thought you might like"--She caught his scarred face between her tw hands. "You mean you thought I should name him for you, and you are right!" she said, and her eyes filled with tears. "You are father, mother-everything to me-only," and she

laughed a little, "you know, dearie, you have such a queer old-fashioned name!" He smiled at her fancy, but said softly, "I did not mean that for myself. Inez-his father.' He stopped as he saw the look of pain that darkened her fair face.

bur spoke, and set the bright color to glowing "He has no father!" she said bitterly. "My baby has no father-he is dead!" and burying her face in the pillows, she sobbed until her delicate frame shook, and the Colonel, reproach ing himself for the storm he bad raised, held ber hand in his, and sat there in the twilight till she grew quiet again.

So the baby was called Pascal Carrodine, an when he grew old enough to toddle he would cling to grandfather's hand with his chubby fingers, while the old man listened delighted! to his baby prattle; and every evening he would climb up in Colonel Carrodine's lap, and there, curled up against his breast, the gold and silver locks would blend together, when the two fell fast asleep under the magnolia tree.

luez stood by the window, looking lovingly at hem. "All I have on earth," she murmured "And yet-God grant that I may be

As she watched them sleeping so peacefully, some of the content for which she prayed seemed to steal into her wistful eyes, and stepping lightly over the dry leaves, holding up her dress for fear fear of waking the dreamers, she came upon Uncle Samp, with a mysterious package under his arm.

"Sampson, you are not as neat as you used to be—this grass is full of leaves." "I is pintedly 'tic'ler, but 'pears like dem leabe keeps a-comin' back; en leetle marster, he git in 'em en scyatters 'em all roun'-doss de mos survig'rus chile-seem like he dunno what ter git in naix," and Uncle Samp shook his head though his lips took on a smile as he thought of the bright-haired child. Then, coming a step uearer to Inez and lowering his voice, he said young miss; he done got moughty po'ly sence dem n'United States sojers stole dem hosses en

Inez glanced apprehensively at her father, and leaning over him she stroked his long white hair and kissed him reverently on his wrinkled "Its gwine to be a hard winter." Uncle Samp

muttered as he sidled off with his bundle

When de bark grow thick on de tree hit's sign o' col' comin' en I mus' hump myseif ter keep dem s'rube f'um gittin' fros' bit." It was a hard winter, and down there in the South among the reeds and rushes the dampness penetrated and chilled the very morrow while conflicting accounts from the men who were fighting so bravely made the dreariness

Inez sometimes stood on the "gallery" wit something warm and fleecy round her fair head, and looking out into the starlit night, offered a silent prayer for "succor, help and comfort" for all who were "in danger, necessity and tribulations," and asked for heavenly pity upon "all who were desolate and oppressed." But the winter in her soul seemed colder and darker as the chill in the air faded away and the cape iasmine that grew beneath her widow grev sweeter than love itself. The day was unusually warm and Uncle Samp

stood moodily eyeing a dead chicken that lay "Ef dat chicken had or waited 'fo' he tuk sic he could er died thouten no trouble to hisself. Now I evan' see whut ole marse gwine 't hab fur he bre'kfus! Gawd! dese am 'specius times wi' dem triffin' Yankees bolpin' deesevs ter ole master's flock o' tukkeys, an' Ash, he done gone an' 'list-ed wid de res'. De ain' nobody lef' but ole Samp, an' he mus' take keer o' he white fokes— Ya'as sub. I'm a comin'," he answered cheerfully, as Colonel Carrodine came to the window.

"He's done gone, marster." "Gone where?"

Unele Samp drew nearer. "Done jined w de n'United States," he whispered gloomily. holt o' him! He done tuk dat hoss I kep' his away; dass de reason, marster!

"So they're all gone, Samp-all have deserted the sinking ship," the Colonel said gently. gone—and what is left?" he murmured. God!" and he looked around at the dismantled stables and seed-grown yard. "All gone!all gone!-and I must follow;" and he pushe back his long white hair and wiped his forehead again and again.

"Gwanpapa, oo face is so wed!" Pascal lisped as he leant on his granfather's knee. "Gwanpapa!" the child cried. "what mates oo yook so funny?

The room swam before the old man's eyes and he stretched out his bands and clutched at the air: Pascal drew back frightened, while his grandfather gasped for breath and tried to speak, but there was only a hoarse rattle in his throat as he fell forward on his hands and knees. Inez found him lying there, and she and Uncle Samp carried him to his room. All day long she sat beside him, bathing his burning head, and just as the darkness was falling over the earth he opened his tired eyes and looked wistfully at his daughter. "What is it, father? Oh, tell me, dearie

What do you want me to do!" and she put her ear close to his mouth. "Pascal!" he whispered, and, as the child came to his grandfather's side, Colonel Carrodine

lifted his hand and laid it on the boy's golden "Forgive-Wilbur!" he murmured brokenly, looking fixedly at Inez.

"Oh, father, don't die!" was all she could moan, with her arm round his white head, but the old man made no sign, and, as the hand on the child's head grew heavier and heavier, Uncle Samp gently folded it on the quiet breast, and laid a napkin over the peaceful face. That night, when Inez gathered her baby close to her heart, tears for the first time trickled down her pale cheeks, and fell on his silky hair, and all brough the darkness she awoke mosning and clasping her boy for fear they would take him

The days seemed dreary and long to Pascal without his grandfather, and he would wander under the trees, cailing: "Gwanpa-Gwanpa-me tant flud oo! Gwanpa, tum back!" till inez said: "Grandpa is up there in one of those bright stars, and every night he looks out of his little window and kisses you while you sleep. So every evening the boy lay down on his bed, by the window, and whispered: "Mamma, tell

Gwanpa tum. Inez sat, in her black dress, with her hands hanging listlessly at her side, and her dream; eyes looking far beyond the southern sky. Pas cal came and nestled beside her and whispered "Mamma, me too hungwy-mate Unc' Thamp

dit me tumpin' to eat!" Uncle Samp stood very soberly before Inez as he said, "Dee isn't nuttin' for leetle marster ter

"What do you mean, Smoson! Can't yo give him a piece of bread!" "Dee ain' nuttin' young miss!" the old negro reiterated. "Oh, Miss Ehez, I ain't seed how we gwine't git thoo 'thout takin' de oaf! sence dem Yankees done tuk 'session o' dis town dee ain't nuttin' ter git." and the tears streamed down his strength," he said, quietly. "Take care! you would not be a Delilah!" sunken cheeks. "You don't sat nuttin', young miss, on de blue veins is comin' thoo dem pu'tty white han's. "What oath, I dont understand?"

"De oaf er 'legiance-dee say dat of yo' take de oaf yo' kin draw yo' rashins reg'lar, en dass de onlies way we kin git anything, 'cause fokes is moughty bad off." "Allegiance to what, Samp!" she demanded scorpfully. "Ter de n'United States, Miss Enez," he sai

"You must be dreaming Sampson! I would rather starve than swear to a lie!" "But dah's leetle master," Sampson main "I do not need your advice, Sampson;" she said angrily, and the old negro meekly bent

over his hoe and dug in the sun-baked earth. "Mamma, tant oo dit me tampin't eat? n didn't hab any bweakfus'" and the boy climbed up in his mother's lap and laid his tear-stained face against his breast. He stretched out his little bands, and she noticed how thin they "Oh, mamma, oo boy wants a piece o' bread!

Inez's face grew white, and putting the child down from her knees, she tied on her bonnet, and threw a veil over her lovely head. "Get your basket. Sampson!" she said sternly and with a sigh of relief the old man followed his young mistress down the grass grown street under the elm trees, into the dingy storehous where the provost marshal had his headquarters Open barrels of meal and bacon stood in one

her slender band for the worn old Bible that he youthful officer held for her, while Pascal hid his face in his mother's dress and pulled her weil till it fell about her neck. The provest marshal sat in the shadow, but he started and bent forward as he caught a glimpse of her curling bair and chiseled face, and his own grew white beneath the tan as the boy said in his shrill, childish voice, "Mamma, why didn't me bwing a basket too?" He saw her cover her head once more and clasp her child's hand in her own, while Uncle Samp looked hungrily at the well-filled basket; and all the way home the old negro chuckled visibly as he muttered, "I seed dat provost marshal! Samp kin see in de dark!"

Every day Uncle Samp seemed to be hugging some delightful secret to his breast which now and then broke forth in the shape of a vague prophecy of better times to come, while he pot tered around among the orange trees. Pascal stood at the gate looking enviously at the little black boys rolling in the dust outside.

"What is your name, my boy?"
The child glauced upward at the tall officer is lue and met the friendly gaze of a pair of brown eyes. "I'm name Patheal Padthet," he lisped, looking fearlessly into the officer's bronze face.

where a sad smile yet lingered as he held out

is hand to the boy. "Would you like to get on my horse!" as he saw the child eying the restive animal.

But the little one shook his head and said firmly, "I know Une' Thamp 'll tay no. And as the gentleman rode away he touched the childs fair face with bis dark moustache,

murmuring, "My child-my boy!" It happened after this, that every day Wilbur Padget rode past his wife's home, and if his thoughts strayed longingly to her, he only grew more tender with the boy who now watched for his coming with childish eagerness; and when he caught a glimpse of the dainty little face with its halo of golden hair his heart leapt in his breast and his whole soul yearned to call him-son.

"Une Thamp thay me tan tum." Pascal affirmed, reaching on tiptoe to unlatch the gate; and when he was perched up in the high saddle elutching his father's fingers as he walked beside him, his little face would glow and his eyes sparkle with enjoyment.

"My papa's dead," he said to Wilbur one day. "Gwanps is up in the star an' he tums down at night to tiss me—but papa, he's dead. I wis papa would tiss me, too," and Wilbur snatched him in his arms and kissed him again and again, then sprang into his saddle and went clattering down the street, while the child stood looking after him till he was a mere speck in the

Far away in Virginia the confederates were lowly but surely losing ground, and as Wilbur Padget rode leisurely down the quiet street, he carried a package of letters in his breast that told how Lee's army must soon surrender. He wondered if Inez would still live on at the old place-if her proud beart would not break when the last hope was gone-if his boy must grow up in this stricken land like a flower without sun; the reins hung loosely in his fingers, and his horse reached up and broke fragrant green branches from the lilac bushes and crushed them between his teeth. Wilbur did not see a little golden head pop out from behind the hedge, and started when a shrill, clear voice shouted. "Me tum to meet oo-Thtop! The horse reared as the boy waved his arms

in front of his face. "Get out of the way!" Wilbur cried, as h caught at the falling reins; the freightened horse plunged madly and struck out with his iron-shod hoofs. Pascal had stood as if rooted to the spot while his father, with a face whiter than death itself, tightened his grip on the reins till with one wild leap the uncontrollable animal threw his rider from the saddle and dashed down the deserted street. A cry came from the baby lips, and the golden head lay bleeding in the dust. Wilbur staggered and rose to his feet for that cry had penetrated to his very soul; he caught the little helpless form in his arms and the blood from the wound in the temple oozed over his coat-sleeve. He pressed his handkerchief against it and thrusting open the heavy iron gate, strode up the broad avenue with his child's shining hair blowing across his

Inez met him in the hall and saw him with their baby in his arms; saw the blood on his coat and the blood on the yellow hair, and it seemed as if she were frozen where she stood.

"He is hurt, Inez," Wilbur gasped as he laid his burden down on the cool, white bed, and still she stood staring before her. Uncle Samp laid linen cloths on the bruised head and the boy cried out, as they moved him. Inez heard it and pushing the others aside she deftly cut away the matted curls and wiped the blood from the white forehead; then she lifted her haggard face and looked into her husband's eyes, bent pityingly upon her.
"What have I done!" she cried, hoarsely; "oh

God! what have I done, that be must be taken, too! Oh, God, spare him-my baby-my baby-"
she moaned, catching the little lifeless hand
in hers. "Merciful God! give me back my boy!" Her cry rose sharp with agony; higher and higher, till it fell on the Father's ear; but the little hand grew cold and colder in her warm clasp, and Wilbur, standing there, felt that he would gladly lay down his life for his child. As the light faded slowly from the western skies the blue eyes opened and wandered dreamily from face to face, then looked beyond them all. "Gwanpa," he murmured "Mamma, is my papa dead?" and as Inez bent down to catch his feeble whisper the baby hand fluttered in hers, and the soft arms stretched out to Wilbur, while a smile

broke over the little white face. "Papa-I tee oo! Mamma, papa's tum!" A mist blinded Wilbur's eyes and tears blotted out the angel face. When he could see again the baby lay back on its mother's breast, but the soul had floated heavenward. Wilbur Padget took his wife in his arms and held her close to his breast, while his tears mingled with hers, and with her head resting against that strong heart that beat so full and true, a sense of peace stole over her such as she had not known for years.

Uncle Samp crept quietly out of the shadow and stood close to the bed, and now and then a drop fell from his sunken eyes. "Gawd done tuk him," he sobbed, "Gawd done tuk him! Oh, my leetle marse Paskil, whus

de use in takin' you en leabin' dis ole niggeh this city, and especially at the fashionable hvar!" and his hand trembled as he drew it across schools, since the small-pox scare began. The young women dread the disease, which, even it his face to wipe the tears away. "Inez-my wife," Wilbur whispered brokenly not fatal, might prove deadly to their physical with his hand on her golden hair, "Speak to me | charms, and vaccination was therefore wel--my wife!" but she only lay closer in his arms and moaned. "Take me, Wilbur-take me away! of the young ladies, with visions of receptions God has taken them all but you-oh! Wilbur, next winter before them, when they would

let me go with you-I am so tired!' And as the shadows deepened and darkened Uncle Samp saw them there and muttere "Dee gwine't cyah Miss Inez away at las'knowed hit-I knowed hit-but my sweet leetle master nobody cyain' take you no mo'!"

BITS OF FASHION.

White laces in Chantilly patterns are extensively used, and are as pretty and durable as the cate operation performed on the calf of the leg.
This required the services of the elderly practitioners, as the ladies were loath to submit to the

Three tiny bair combs of tortoise-shell, each set with five pearls, is a late fancy with many

The popular width for sash ribbon is elever nches, though the extreme width is fourteen Miniature high combs of jet are shown in sets, one for the center and one for each side of the

Small mantles of black embroidered cashmere, or of sheer white muslin, can be worn with gowns of any material. In cotton goods for summer, checks and stripes of all widths appear, and pink and pale

gray are leading colors. Surplice waists, lapping over on one side and orming a V opening at the neck, will be worn Lace jabots ere again favored as a trimming

for dressy basques, and are especially effective with a single revers of velvet. The newest laces are neither cream nor ecru, but might be called tea-tinted, suggesting the pale, delicate bue of the tea rose,

Pretty silk aprons have the skirt arranged in the form of a large point, the bib being a tiny point to match. Deep lace is used in trimming. Among the very latest fashionable skirtfinishes is a very wide hem, turned up on the outside and piped with gold or silver colored

Yoke waists grow more and more in favor and the French blouse, with fitted lining, and deeply pointed yokes will be largely seen in yachting, boating and tennis costumes. To modernize a plain coat sleeve, either set a band of braid-gold, silver or bright silk-

lown the outer seam, or else cut a V at the wrist and fill in with a puff of silk. Scarfs, fichus, berthas, and barbes of lace, mull, crape, embroidered lisse, tuile and India muslin in black, white, or ecru will be again fashionable for neckwear and bodice adornings. Velvet basques will be much worn with skirts of thin stuff, and have the neck pompadour and filled in with tulle or crepe, and the elbow

sleeves cut in points, falling over a ruffle of lace or crepe that is met by the glove. Low-cut, russet and tan-colored shoes of undressed kid are very fashionable for dressy home wear, and later in the season will be worn with appropriate afternoon toilets over silk | Bill Nye.

stockings of the same shade. Smocking, now so much the rage, gets its name from the smock of heavy white or blue linen worn by English butchers, and means that the material is first very exactly gathered in several rows and the gathers afterward corner, and as Sampson held his torn basket and | caught together in honeycomb or diamond patthe finger bowl, systher and neyther?

READING FOR THE SABBATH. To Her Gloves.

A BALLADE: HAND-MADE.]

Her dainty hand did you not press!

And yet you do not seem to care

Or feel what joy it was. Confess And tell me how, thou Mosquetaire

The day she held you first and drew You on with gentle, soft caress.

I know she holds you in duress;

Or will it be some rival new; In kid or tan of soft undress,

To catch her eye as others do

You try, in vain, as I, to woo

Oftimes to damp my happiness

She throws you where perhaps distress

Comes to You-young and debonair-And hid beneath a fragrant mess Of laces, trifles, rich and rare,

Some notice from this fair Princess, Who wears us while it suits her view, Then drops us as mere nothingness.

Is this the reason why you're blue

Let's join us in our wretchednes

Me, living or dead, No refuge for Thought or for Sense Yet I do not despair

I cannot, nor need I define The blessing He keepeth in store;

Must needs be uncertain to men; For the future, if distant or near,

Lets none of its secrets appear. No favorite bliss may endure,

No definite hope be secure,

"The King is dead!"

"Long live the King!"

His purpose I know is divine, And why should I care to know more? The where, and the why, and the when,

Not even existence be sure; But the Something that ought to befall Will happen at last unto all.

Judge Logan Blickley, of Georgia Supreme Court.

Long Live the King.

The guttering candles burning by the bler Flare in the gusts; and as he node and dreams

A drowsy monk prays for the soul's repose—
Thrusts his lean fingers in his sleeves of serge,
Watching alone; the hour is not yet come
For knell, and requiem, and funeral dirge.

The smiling courtiers pause amid the feast
And pledge their vows to their new liege in wine;
O'er nodding plumes, and silks, and flashing gems
A thosand tapers with soft brilliance shine:

A thosand tapers with soft brilliance shine; Laughter and jest blend with the sound of flutes, Of harp and viol, and the heavy air

-M. H. K., in America.

Is sweet with musk; only a little page Weeps as he waits without upon the stair.

Duty.

And quit proud homes and you For famine, toil and fray?

To hearts in sloth and ease.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust, So near is God to man,

"If I were king," he said,

Speed nimoler messages, That waft the breath of grace divine

When Duty whispers low, Thou must, The youth replies, I can.

Two Fools.

And crown you queen; and in the great king's bride Men would not know.

"If I were queen," she said,
"And you a careless, wandering minetrel, strayed
To my fair court, I'd set you on the throne;

-Flizabeth Bisland, in Outing.

-John Boyle O'Reilly.

-Matthew Arnold.

And being there, the greatest king e'er known, I would kneel down

The world was made when a man was born: He must taste for himself the forbidden springs; He can never take warning from old-fashioned things

He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth.

Of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to scorn

He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the

The bills were round us, and the breeze

Our youth returned: for there was shed

VACCINATING THE GIRLS.

Popular Prejudice Against Marking the Arm

Maidenly modesty and female vanity have

had a sharp struggle among the young ladies in

comed by all. But the difficulty was that few

appear in low-cut corsage and sleeveless bodices

cared to have the disfiguring marks placed upon

their arms. In consequence there has been a great demand, especially at the fashionable boarding schools in the city, for elderly

physicians to whose semi-paternal care the

young ladies could submit themselves to an

As they would not be vaccinated upon the

arm and they did not care to have the pumple on

the end of the nose, it has generally been de

cided by the fashionable female to have the deli-

gaze of the youthful dostors. A lady who man-

ages a fashionable boarding-school near Broad

and Locust streets last week determined to

have all of the young ladies under her charge vaccinated. Those who were boarders at the

school were to be vaccinated by the physician,

an elderly and well-known practitioner, who

as school-girls are heir to. The young ladies all protested against the marking of their arms,

and it was determined, after a solemn

upon the calf of the leg. This was entirely sat-

isfactory until the day appointed for the opera-

sent his assistant, a very young man with a blonde mustache, whom the girls declared looked "just too sweet." There was a hurried consul-

tation of the ladies. "Never!" "I'll take the

small-pox first!" "He shall not vaccinate me!"

Such were the exclamations of the girls. The

young doctor was compelled to retire, and the

kindly old gentleman who is his preceptor was

sent for. The girls then submitted without a

A well-known physician said yesterday:

doubt if there is a woman above fifteen years of

age in the city who will submit to a vaccination

on the arm. That, of course, is natural, and is

The Latest in Mourning.

A novel sight in the streets is a new-fashioned

nourner. The usage formerly among the ladies

was to leave off deep mourning by degrees

merging the black into gray, and so on until the

colors of ordinary attire were introduced. But

this new style is to depart from entire black in

sections. That is to say, a lady in the later stages of bereavement will cover herself with

contrasting black and light colors. One has a

bodice nearly but not quite composed of black, which color runs down the front and at either

side is a parrow strip. Her bonnet is also edge

with black. Another has striped herself around

her hat, on her shoulder, at her wrists and down

the front of her gown with the sombre shade

while the rest of her dress is a plain light col

Keeping Up with the Procession.

I am not an old fegy, though I may have that

appearance, and I rejoice to see the world move on. One by one I have laid aside my own en-

cumbering prejudices in order to keep up with the procession. Have I not gradually adopted

everything that would in any way enhance my opportunities for advancement, even through

feminine."

Philadelphia Times.

conference, that each one should be vaccinate

has usually been called in to attend such ills

-A Boarding-School Scene.

Went o'er the sunlit fields again:

Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.

On spirits that had long been dead, Spirits dried up and closely furl'd, The freshness of the early world.

"And you were just a lowly beggar maid.
With my strong hand I'd lift you to my side

Or would forget, the beggar maid."

And serve you as your maid."

The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes That are clear as the wells of Paradise

Philadelphia Record.

Yet on the nimble air benign

In an age of fops and tops,

Wanting wisdom, void of right,

Who shall nerve heroic boys

To hazard all in freedom's fight—

Break sharply off their jolly games,

Forsake their comrades gay,

And quit proud homes and youthful dames,

The velvet pall, with its thick silver fringe, On the cold marble pavement streams;

As I drift through the air
Alone in the boundless immense;
In the depths of the night
Cometh Faith without light,
Cometh Faith without sight.
And I trust the great Sovereign unknown;
No finite or definite throne,
But infinite, nameless, unthinkable One,
Leannet per need I define

And why you will no joy profe In truth I think she's fickle; too

Cast out into space, For life and for death;

A bottomiese place. No limit ben-ath.

No ultimate bound

No wall at my side, No roof overhead;

above or around

No cover to hide

L'ENVOI.

Faith.

Such tap'ring, waxen fingers you Could kiss, and hold, and still not bless

She has another party pair
Or two, perhaps. Do you not guess,
Each time, if you're the ones she'll wear!

Sunday-School Lesson for May 20, 1888. MESUS IN GETHSEMANE-Matt. XXVI, 36-46. Golden Text-Though he were a son, yet learned be obedience by the things which he suffered.-Heb.

The agony and blood-sweat of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, styled in the ancient Greek liturgies, "His unknown sufferings," form a deep, dark mystery. We can only understand it in part, and the speculations of men about it are more curious than satisfactory. On the divine side and relations of Christ's nature it i full of difficulties; but on the human side and in its lessons of encouragement it is full of sweet and blessed belps. As a lesson to be taught to the young, there is no fitness in mere human

speculations on its difficulties. After the institution of the Lord's supper the disciples in the strongest language pledge to Christ their steadfast loyalty, and assure Him that they will never forsake Him, whatever may happen. Peter is especially loud in his declarations (xxvi, 31 35). They passed from the Passover feast to Gethsemane about midnight, the gates being left open at this season through the

HINTS AND HELPS. Some Points for Study-1. Where and what was Gethsemane! Use a map. 2. Why did Jesus need to pray! 3. Who were the sons of Zebedeel 4. What was the "cup" referred to in verse 39! 5. Why did He address Peter in verse 40? 6. What is the flesh in contrast to the spirit? 7. Why does He use "the same words?" 8. What "hour" was at hand? 9. Who was "at

Points for Class Talks-1. Our Getheemsnes. 2. Sitting close by some great soul struggle. "Watch with me." 4. "Let this cup pass;" our shrinking from pain. 5. "Not as I will, but as shou wilt:" sweet, gracious submission to God 6. "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" 7 The willing spirit, but the weak flesh." 8. Thy will be done. 9. Take your rest.

GENERAL APPLICATIONS. 1. Every Life Has Its Gethsemane-We enter it weak; we feel the need of sympathy; we meet the tempter in his strength. 2. The Might of Prayer-Jesus taught us how to meet these darkest hours of life: by prayer; persistent, patient, trusting prayer. 3. The weakness of human watchers.

Religious Notes. Ruskin: A precious thing is the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy. Boston Courier: It is a pity that our neigh bors do not know as well as we do what is best

Help others whenever you can; you would yourself be grateful for a helpful hand in a mo-The Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, of Boston, has just

completed the fortieth year of his pastorate at the Columbus-avenue Universalist Church. Berlin has a population of two millions, only 2 per cent of which go to public worship. With nearly 400,000 people in Hamburg, only 5,000 atrend service.

It is proposed to honor the memory of Bishop Harris by placing a tablet beside that of Bishop Janes in the old John-street Methodist Episcopai Church, New York city. The Bible used by Bishop Fowler at the opera-house last Sabbath afternoon, was the one used by Philip Embury in Old John street, when dedicated. This book was made in 1611, and is now owned by Mrs. Currier, a worthy

member of that time-honored church. Boston Congregationalist: A young man appearing before an examining committee was asked how he knew that he was converted. " find it easier to control my temper," was the modest reply. And another young man to

whom a similar question was once put said that he could get along better with his employer. The Richmond Christian Advocate makes plea for "beautiful simplicity" in sermons, and in this position it may be certain of the hearty sympathy of nine-tenths of the members of every congregation. We commend the following to young pastors: "The minister who makes free use in the pulpit of such words as 'exegesis,' 'heterodox,' 'æsthetic,' 'evolution. 'subjective' and 'objective,' is apt to put the salt a little too high for many of the sheep, and they are puzzled, and wonder what he is driving at. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, did some very plain talking recently in his lecture on "A Converted Pulpit." After dwelling upon the disinclination of some preachers and churches to fearlessly combat the great evils of the times, he added: "How would the Son of God speak in London to-day? He would assail many an evil interest, many a society that is set up in His name. If He could not empty the bottle. He would tear off the label, and would say: 'If you want to do this, put the devil's

name on the bottle, for it is his, and not mine.' Heat not a furnace for your fee so hot That it do singe yourself. We may outrun, By violent swiftness that which we run at, And lose by over-running.

> -Shakspeare. To be resigned when ills betide Patient when favors are denied.
>
> And pleased with favors given,
> Dear Chice, this is wisdom's part This is that incense of the beart Whose fragrance smells to heaven

-Nathaniel Cotton. "Have Ye Kept the Faith?"

A dear brother of the writer, living in New York, was recently on a train which was just leaving the station. By the side of it, on the next track, was another train, which was about starting in the opposite direction. A man near my brother suddenly jumped to his feet, opened the window, and hurriedly called, "John!" A man at an open window in the other train instantly recognized his friend, and quickly responded, "William!" A hearty grasp of hands, and the short, solemn inquiry came ringing

from William: "John, have ye kept the faith?"
"Aye, by the help of God, I have." The cars moved away, a smile of pleasure on the face of each, and they saw each other no more. Was it strange that a thrill of Christian sympathy took possession of my brother's heart, as he at once took a seat by the side of William, who had hitherto been a stranger, but now was a Christian brother.

Not, "Have you made money?" "Have you made a great name for yourself!" but "Have you kept the faith?" What stronger evidence of conversion could have been given than in the question and answer which came from these two travelers to eternity? Happy the man who can give a right answer

to this important question, and who, at the end of life and in the day of judgment, can say, with Paul, "I have kept the faith."

The Hidden Cross. Charles Kingsley.

To all, sooner or latter, Christ comes to be tize them with fire. But do not think that the baptism of fire comes once for all to a man i some terrible affliction, some one awful convic-tion of his own sinfulness and nothingness. No: with many-and those, perhaps the best peopl -it goes on month after month, and year after year. By secret trials, chastenings, which none but they and God can understand, the Lord is cleaning them from their secret faults and making them understand wisdom secretly burning out of them the chaff of self-will, and self-conceit, and self-vanity, and leaving only the pure gold of [righteousnesse. How many sweet and holy souls who look cheerful enough before the eyes of men, yet have their secret sorrows. They carry their cross unseen all day long, and lie down to sleep on it at night; and they will carry it, perhaps, for years and years, and to their graves and to the throne of Christ, before they lay it down, and none but they and Christ will ever know what it was -- what was the secret chastise ment which God sent to make the soul better which seemed to us already too good for earth. So does the Lord watch his people, and tries them by fire, as the refiner of silver sits by his furnace watching the melting metal, till he knows that it is purged from all its dross by seeing the image of his own face reflected on it

The Maiden and the Viper. Sydney Under the Southern Cross.

In the family of a settler, who resides some baif a league from Parametta, was an in valid daughter of an extremely nervous temperament. She was sleeping one summer afternoon in a hammock swong between two supporting standards in the shade of the piazza, when she was suddenly awakened by feeling something cold and moist clinging about her throat. She put her hand to the spot and clasped the body of a snake just back of the head, and, with a borrified cry, wrenched with all her strength to pull it away. This was the first instinctive action of the moment. but so great was her terror that she speedily lost all con-sciousness of her position. Her hand, how-ever, still grasped the snake where she had first siezed upon it and with such a convulsive force that the creature was rendered powerless. The ery of the terrified girl brought the father her relief; but in the fit which her fright had

not possibly have exerted when awake, and, be-fore her fingers were unclasped by the aid of a bit of hammock cord, the reptile was complete. ly strangled. Fortunately the creature had not butten the girl before she seized it, and after that it was upable to do so. It is said to have been four feet long and of a poisonous species.

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. Similarity of Habit

It is said that the poet Tennyson sometimes spends bours on a single line. A Texas horsethief has been known to do the same thing.

His Night Out.

New York Sup. Wife (club night)-Will you be home early, Husband-Ye'es, I think so; but don't keep breakfast waiting for me. Trusting Love.

"Happy couple," mused Pompor, as Mr. and Mrs. Fresh passed by. "What trusting love. Why, I have known that man to wear a homemade smoking jacket and imagine that it final

Scripturally Ignorant. New York Sun.

Sunday-school Teacher (reprovingly)-Now. Tommy, you must pay closer attention to the lesson. Who killed Abelf Tommy (in a surprised tone of voice)—Why, I didn't know he was dead.

Festivities Ahead New York Sun. Young Lady (visiting in Cincinguti)-Why.

Cicely, what do you suppose all those keen of bees are being taken into that private house for!

Cicely (a Cincinnati belle)—Oh, a wedding breakfast, probably, or something of that sort The National Game.

New York Sun. "Bobby," said his father, with an ominous his eyes, "why weren't you at school this afternoon? Bobby hung his head. "Cause I went to see

"Is that so! Who won!" A Letter-Carrier's Duties. Chicago Berald.

"Are you one of the new letter-carriers!" in-quired the housewife. "Yes, ma'am." Well," I just want you to give me the right letters hereafter. The last one was for the next-door neighbor. It was interesting, but she made an awful time because I read it.

A Surprise.

me!" said the little Boston boy, after intellect

ual spasion had failed, and they had spanked

him for the first time, "if I had had the elight-

He meant that he wouldn't do it again-"Dear

est suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant, I should never have invited the ex-

Such Is Fame. Syracuse Standard. " 'W-1-1-1-a-m Dean H-o-w-e-1-le Te p-i-g-h-t.' " spelled a New York street gamin from a placard at which he was equinting with one eye closed.

"I soy, Dinny, whose dat bloke, Billy Dean?" questioned a brother arab at his side. "Wet's t'e howle fer?" Gone Forever.

Merchant Traveler. "Mr. Snivverly, have you got a spare shoe at "Why-oh-ya-as. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want a new trunk for doll, and But sister came into the room just then, just in time to bid Snivverly a last long farewell.

A Fatal Error Prevented. Omaha World Fond Mother-I am very glad you are so happily married, my son. What are you going into this store for Son-A little surprise for my wife. I'm going

to buy her the most elegant dress I can find. "My son, do you wish your wife to look up to you, respect you and always deler to your judg-"I hope she will."

Then never select anything for her to wear. Let her do her own shopping. Not Keeping Faith.

"John, dear," said a young wife, "you know we agreed never to have any secrets from each "Yes, darling," replied John uneasily.
"And you know that last night, when I asked

ou for a little money, you said that all you had was a plugged twenty-cent place and a bunch of "Well, I found \$15 in one of your inside

pockets this morning, John. An Object Lesson. New York Truth.

Nannie-No, you can't have a kiss. I don't

Frank-Do you know how the Aztec word for kissing is pronounced?

Minnie—No; pronounce it, please.

Frank—I cannot do it alone; it takes two to Minnie-That is queer. How is it done?

Frank-I will pucker my lips as in whistling, and you do the same. That's it. Now we will put our lips close together and try to blow-Minnie-How nice. Let us pronounce at again; but don't you think that is a good deal like

It Was in Utab. San Francisco Chronicle.

It was in Salt Lake City. This story would be very immoral in San Francisco, but what is moral in Salt Lake City is immoral everywhere except, perhaps, in the Parisian papers. They

were inspecting a Sunday-school. Two little boys were called up. "What is your name?" he was asked.

"Sammy Jones." "How old are you!" "Thirteen. "What is your name?" the other was asked.

"Sammy Jones. "And your agel"
"Thirteen." "Why, are you twins?" "Yes, please sir, on the father's side."

Pall Mall Gazette. A curious petition concerning the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc has just been presented to the French government by a Kepublican committee of the locality. It appears that the house at Domremy, in which the holy maid first saw light, fell eventually into the possession of one Nicholas Gerardin, an old soldier, who sold it to

Where Joan of Arc Was Born.

the authorities in 1818 for the modest sum of 2,500f. Under Louis XVIII it was restored and some years later a school for girls in memory of Joan was attached to it. This institution was placed under the direction of a Sister of Charity. Gerardin remained keeper of the shrine up to 1830, when he died, and then, somehow or another, the whole place lapsed into the hands of the Clerical Congregationists, who seem to have made a good thing out of it in the shape of fees paid by foreign tourists and native admirers to visit it. The aforementioned committee object to this as being out of keeping with a domocratic and free-thinking republic They therefore call upon the government to turn out the Clerical Sisters and install laywomen in their place. They, moreover, argue that in reality it was the pricebood who burns La Pucelle, and, consequently, it is scands they should now make capital out of their

The Tuberose.

It is surprising how few people know and use the correct name of one of the prettiest and most popular flowers. Any one knows what a tube-rose is. But how many know what a "tober-one" (accent on first syllable) means. The Clatter only is correct, while the former is altogether wrong, and the use of it involves double error. In the first place it is wrong divided and mispronounced: and in the sec it is not a species or kind of rose, but of the tom has erroneously established the former name, but it is logically incorrect and in no wise justifiable.

A Snap Given Away.

New York Letter. "Cast your bread upon the waters," says the Mail and Express, "and it will come back in many days." The practical application of which is that if you have a friend sailing for Europe. it is the proper caper to send him or ber in a bottle. These castings on the waters bring back a dozen pairs of Parisian gloves of may be, a bit of jewelry or some fancy piece of foreign bric-a-bac. That is why so many people get such a good send-off when departing for basket of fruit or flowers or a little some

Surprise at the Hub.

Boston Advertiser. Strange that Mr. Lewell's return to La up to induced, her hand slowly contracted about the creature's threat with a force which she could over there.